more rigid." -I thought it was the other way." said the

New Yorker. I'm blamed if it is," replied the Western man. "Take that 'hum' of yours, for instance, I've known a little breach of etiquette like that to and to an inquest, and the verdict of the Cornner's jury was 'Suicide.' We are a sensitive

people and our bad men are mighty quick with their guns." We usually do the firing ourselves when our and men don't behave-fire 'em right out," re-

marked the New Yorker.

"Bad men!" exclaimed the representative of the Rocky Mountains. "Why, you haven't any ad men out here."

"Of course we have," replied the New Yorker, and the very worst kind of bad men. You don't see anything like them in the West, except when one of them happens to get out there on a visit.

And then," he added, "you don't always treat em right. I remember a cabman who went out there some years ago to Denver or some other place where there were supposed to be tough men. He was a tough man himself. That was admitted; and, when a man is admitted to be tough in New York, he can pass his civil service examination anywhere. In addition to being a tough man he was a nighthawk, and the combination of tough man and nighthawk is about as ugly as you want to stack up against. There aren't many men in the world who have more fun than he used to get. Some nights he would be partly sober, and then he would amuse himself by robbing his passengers and lick-ing them afterward. Other nights he would be partly drunk, and then times would be exciting in his neighborhood. He was so of those men who don't get wholly drunk. This was not so account of any temperace principies or any notions about keeping within certain limits, because he hadn't any permace principies or any notions about keeping within certain limits, because he hadn't any permace principies or any notions about keeping within certain limits, because he hadn't any permace principies or any notions about keeping within certain limits, because he hadn't any permace principies or any notions about keeping within certain limits, because he hadn't any permace principies or any notions about keeping within certain limits, because he hadn't any permace principies or any notions about keeping within certain limits, because he hadn't any permace principies or any the hadn't sense, he would get kicked in the hadn't sense, he would also he had not got any temperature permace principies with the badn't sense, he would get kicked in the hadn't sense, he would also he had not got any temperature permace principies with the badn't sense, he would also had he got off or charged the hadn't sense, he would get kicked in the permace principies of the hadn't sense, he would get kicked in the part of the would have he had all the was permace principies of the rest of the drunk if he had it sense, he would get kicked in the permace principies of the hadn't sense, he would get kicked in the permace principies and the policy of the hadn't sense, he would get kicked in the permace principies and the policy permace principies and the permace princ partly drunk, and then times would exciting in his neighborhood. He was

have to be. There was Wild Bill, now. He would jump a gun out, and have at your head quicker'n you could wink."

Maybe," said the New Yorker. "Anyway, this nighthawk never had the luck to run up against Wild Bill, and the other gentlemen he within reach, he'd lick 'em hands down. The there wouldn't be a bit of fun in it for him. If they weren't within reach they'd skedaddle off and pop away at him from around the corners Why, it made him feel like sitting down and crying, sometimes, the sinful waste of ammunion did. Half a dozen men, maybe, would empty a couple of guns apiece, and when the smoke of battle would clear away, the only sufwounded in the hind leg."

"The way some of our bad men can shoot is wonderful," said the man from the West, "I've seen Alkali Ike shoot a silver half dollar from between the fingers at a distance of seventy-five yards with a revolver, many a time."

This nighthawk wasn't a silver half dollar; maybe that was the trouble," continued the New Yorker. "Anyway he turned up in New York again a month later.

'Boys,' he said, 'I'm back. I couldn't stand tout here. Let me have one good scrap and then I'll take my medicine."

They bounded him with their fists and stamped on him and drove their cabs over his prostrate body; and the police came and clubbed away at him; and he smilling all the time. And later when four ambulance surgeons were working over him, he gave a sigh of pleasure said and;

woring over him, he gave a sigh of pleasure and said;
"Ob, but it's good to be back in New York! I am almost glad of what I went through in the West, because of the zest it adds by contrast to the pleasure of to-night!"
"He is in State prison now; and says he prefers it vastly on the whole to the West. I suppose that's wby you don't see more of our bad see in the West. You don't see more of our bad see in the West. You don't treat them right when they go there."
There was a moment of allence, during which various emotions chased themselves through the frame of the man from the Rocky Mountains, such as incredulity, suspicion that the other was making fun of him, and embarrassment caused by uncertainty as to whether the situation required the prompt application of firsarms, Finally, disgust settled on his face and he said:
"The effect divilipation of the Sand he said:

and he said:

"The effete divilisation of the East has no enception of the real nature of the bad man of the boundless West. As I was saying, under the fostering culture of the untrammelled West everything reaches its highest stage of development, and this applies equally to our bad men and our Sunday schools. Our Sunday schools can't be beat anywhere, and as for our bad men why, its me tell you only one instance to show you the refinements to which they have attained: I see that some of your newspapers are making a time over the discovery of the custom smong actreases of atowing themselves in milk; well, it is an old story with us for our bad men to bathe themselves in whiskey."

That, 'replied the New Yorker, 'is a trick which commends itself to the untutored mind; but to the Judicious, neither the milk stew nor the whiskey hath commends itself as the highest form of fine art."

"Our bad men," continued the Western man."

BADMEN, NEW YORK STYLE

BRE NIGHTHAWE WHO LOOKED FOR
FIGHT IN THE WEST.

BOW a mad Man Fights and Mills in New York
—points for Mighwaymen Who mold we was bred in his bone. His
made man Fights and Mills in New York
—points for Mighwaymen Who mold we was a factured in the West—The Whirlwind Act—
An Excenter Between Nerve and a Gen.

The best of overything," said the man from
the Rocky Mountains, "comes from the West."

"Yes," assented his New York host; "it has
to come; couldn't be expected to stand the surroundings out there, you know."

The visitor from the West looked uncomfortable and an expression of doubt that had been
gitting about his face took on a darker shade.

"I mean," he said, "that the best of everything is originated in the West."

"Hum" said the New Yorker."

The Rocky Mountain citizen looked poined
and shifted about in his chair in an embarrassed way.

"I aim's altogether used to these free and easy
way of yours here in the East," he explained;
"but out in my section, now, etiquette is much
genericid."

"The Western man. "That is a different kind of
course from the West,"

"The is the treachery of the rattlesmake," said
the Western man. "That is a different kind of
course from the west of your sale than
the bluster and fusilised or your shere in the East," he explained;
"but out in my section, now, etiquette is much
genericid."

higher style of art and science in killing than the bluster and fusiliades of your bad men in the West?"

"That's the treachery of the rattlesnake," said the Western man. "That is a different kind of courage from the nerve of a man who is able to hold up, say, a stage, single handed, and relieve every one of the passengers of his valuables."

"What do you think of a man with nerve enough to hold up a line of people 3,000 miles long and with skill enough to do it without the least discomfort to himself!" rejoined the New Yorker. "A man who holds up stages single handed has an awful hard way of earning a living. He may havenerve, but he haan't learned the lesson of what may be accomplished by brains back of nerve. There's a bad man in New York named Johnny. He keeps a dive, it's the toughest kind of a joint, or it was, if the Raines law has shut it up. The ordinary customers are men and women who would cut your head off for 30. Johnny used to keep it as orderly as a Sunday school. He would walk among the villainous men and women sitting at the tables with the happy smile of a Sunday school superintendent, and the thiaves, murderers and ville creatures generally would cringe and smile back at him. There's a scientific fighter for you. He called it keeping order in his piace. He liked nothing better than to have a guy make a squeal because some one had robbes him. He would go up to the guy, holding one hand behind his back, with his smile spread out all over his ugly face and his wicked eyes as hard and steady as steel, and then he would stick his face into the guy's and say:

"Do I understand that you think you have lost some valuable property in this respectable family resort?"

"Yes,' the guy would begin, 'I've been robbed'—and that is as far as he would get, for

lost some valuable property in this respectable family resort?"

"Yes,' the guy would begin, 'I've been robbed'—and that is as far as he would get, for Johnny would interrupt him with a kick in the shins. He would back away, but unless he was mighty drunk he wouldn't attempt to fight back, because Johnny would bring out the hand he had been holding behind his back and the guy would see that there was a big bungstarter in it, and would read in Johnny's eyes that the heavy mallet would fall on his skull and crush it in a jiffy if he made the slightest hostile motion. So he would be able to retreat only. Still smiling, Johnny would follow him up.

"Do I understand you think you have been robbed I' he would ask, with the bungstarter raised in the air.

"If the guy had sense he would take his dose

him to the newspaper men as an evidence of good faith. This was huge fun for the fresh coppers, but it broke poor Joe all up finally. How could any bad man stand treatment of that sort?" "Policeman! Pooh!" said the Rocky Mountain man. "What's a policeman to a real bad man! There was Mountain Howitzer Pete, out in Denver' back in '78. He would think no more of shooting a policeman than of killing a dog." "That may be all right for Denver," returned the New Yorker, "but he couldn't have very much fun for his money if he did it here. Out in Denver, I suppose, amusements are scarce, and so anything goes. Here it's different. So long as a man has money he can have lots of fun. Now suppose he were to shoot a policeman, what would happen! The lawyers would find out exactly how much money he had and how much his friends could raise for him, and they would pocket every cent of it, so that he wouldn't have a red left to have tun with even if they got him off, which it isn't certain they would be able to do. Does that sort of thing pay! Certainly not.

"Our bad men," perwisted the man from the West, "are not held down by such pecuniary considerations. They are like the knights errant of old. They will fight for anything, and never hesitate to shoot."

considerations. They are like the knights errant of old. They will fight for anything, and never hesitate to shoot."

"Our bad men don't have to shoot," said the New Yorker. "They overcome by force of brain and character and nerve, which is an act of a much higher nature than subduing an opponent with a weapon. I remember an encounter I saw once between two men. One of them was a thoroughgoing dynamiter. He happened to be an Irishman; but you find men like him in every nationality—a bully, an overbearing braggart, capable of any crime, and with assurance enough to earry him through under almost any circumstances. About this time he was going over the water to free Ireland, and so carried strapped about his waist two big revolvers and a long knife with the handle wound with twine, like those used by the Phoenix Park murderers. He was going round the saloons of the town talling what he was going to do to England. Then he ran across a friend of mine. This was a tall, red-headed fellow whom I knew as a horse trader and who was probably a horse sharper as well. Likewise he was probably a horse sharper as well. Likewise he was probably a horse sharper as an accomplishment. Altogother he was as an accomplishment. Altogother he was as an assuming, shrewd, steady buccaneer.

"The two men had words, and then the dynamiter declared that he had been insulited, and made a motion to draw use of his guns. Then followed a dramatic, interesting exhibition of the mastery of mind over matter. The horse dealer was leaning sideways against the bar. One arm was reasting with the elbow on the bar and the hand holding up his head. The other hand was half in the pocket of his sack coat. When the dynamiter dived for his gun we all jumped, but the horse dealer never stirred.

"Jimmy he said, 'put up your hands."

"Jimmy he said, 'put up your hands."

"Jimmy he said, 'hut up your hands."

"Jimmy he said, 'hut up your hands."

"Jimmy he said, 'hut up your hands."

for perhaps a second, although it seemed longer. Then the horse dealer spoke again, this time more sharply.

"Jimmy, he said; 'hold up your hands' Quick, now!"

"And the wonderful part of it was that Jimmy, heeled as he was and having the drop on the other, actually did put up his hands. He was conquered, subdued, mastered by the strength of character of the other.

"Come up to me, and the horse dealer, and Jimmy walked up to him with both hands above his head, and the horse dealer, taking his hand out of his coat pocket, but without changing his attitude otherwise, tapped him lightly on the cheek, and called up all hands to drink. So the scene was over. But Jimmy's hand shook so that he could scarcely lift the glass to his mouth and his skin was clammy. And there wasn't a man there who didn't know that it had been a pitch of a penny whether there should be at least one dead man in that room. Nobody doubted much, either, that the dead man, if there was to be one, would have been Jimmy, for the superb nerve and determination and confidence of the other mars than made up Jimmy's advantages. That scene more than anything else taught me how little a thing a gun is after all. It's the man behind it that counts, and if he is a splendid specimen of manhood, he don't need the gun.

"Huh" said the man from the Rocky Mountains, "wat till you look down the muzzle of a gun as big as a cannon and you'll change your mind."

ists who come to this region expecting to see characters such as Bret Harte and Gertrude Atherton have described as typical Californians are always disappointed. The change wrought in southern California in the last ten years has made this part of the State entirely different writers and novelists. Los Angeles, the metrop olis of southern California, was famous up and down the Pacific coast twenty years ago for its big and open gambling games and its many saloons and wineries. To-day it is just fourteen times larger, and is noted for its freedom from saloons and for its many churches. Anaheim, in Orange county, used to make and send to market more than 500,000 gallons of wine and brandy every year. It does not produce one-tenth of that quantity now. A decade ago many a church Now public sentiment has grown so antago nistic to the liquor business in all its forms that a wine maker or any one who has any dealines in the liquor business cannot retain his church membership. In all the towns in southern Cali-

room must be on a principal thoroughfare in the city. It must be on the first or ground floor, and its front must be one-half of plain glass and flush with the sidewalk. No frosted, painted, or stained was may be used in the windows and doors, and were must be no acreens whatever. The view from the street to the bar must always be free and unobstructed, so that a person on the street may at any time see who are in the saloon. There may be no rear or side doors to the saloon; no cellar or basement, no adjunct, wing, side room, or alcova. The saloon or barroom must be a single rectangular or square apartment. There must be no allurements there other than drink itself. To that end there may be but one seat, bench, or chair in the saloon. That must be behind the bar, and for the sole use of the saloon keeper or his bartender. Barrels or casks must be separated from the room by a railing so that they may not furnish seats or leaving conveniences for patrons of the saloon. No pictures, advertisements, or show cards may be on the walls, and nothing to eat may be served, given away, or sold there—not even crackers or pretzels. All games are strictly prohibited in the saloons, and newspapers, periodicals, or books are tabooed along with any table or shelf upon which they might be placed. In a word, the Pomona barroom or saloon is simply a drinking place, surrounded by all the publicity possible.

The women and children who may be deprived by the saloon of money that should come to them for their support may protect themselves by this new law. A section in the ordinance provides that any female over 18 years of age who has reason to believe that her husband, son, father, or brother is spending his money at a saloon in Pomona, may make an affidavit to that effect before the City Clerk, who shall immediately issue an official order to each of the two saloon keepers not to sell or give the man

vides that any female over 18 years of age who has reason to believe that her husband, son, father, or brother is spending his money at a saloon in Pomona, may make an affidavit to that effect before the City Clerk, who shall immediately issue an official order to each of the two saloon keepers not to sell or give the man complained of any malt or spirituous liquors under pain of revocation of the license and forfeiture of \$3,000 of the bonds. This order is to be taken by the City Marshal to the saloon, and posted in a conspicuous place at the rear of the bar, so that every patron of the saloon may know at any time who have been interdicted from drinking at that bar. Should any mother or wife wish to know whether the proscribed man is drinking in the saloon, all she has to do is to look in at the window. There being no screens, back or side door, and no basement or annex, this point may be readily settled.

The saloon keeper is liable to fortest all his bonds and license if any liquor is given to any minor. Indian, lunatic, idiot, drunkard, or female in the saloon or within one hundred feet of it. The saloon may be open six days in the week from 7 A. M. to 11 P. M. There must be no signs displayed outside or about the saloon to tell the nature of the business conducted within. A great many people who read this will wonder why anybody should want a license under such provisions; but there were seventeen men in Los Angeles and Pomona who not only asked for one of the two licenses, but also worked their hardest to get one. Two applicants for license were chosen in the last week of May, and this week the saloons operating under the unique law were opened with apparent success.

Redlands, a beautiful suburban town that has grown to a population of 4,500 in ten years, has also been experimenting with local high license and prohibition laws. Its population is largely composed of Massachusetts and New York people who have come to southern California with ample means to build pretty homes and live among their roses and

POMONA'S SALOON LAW,

A NOTEL TEMPERANCE IDEA IN A CALIFORNIA TOWN.

Oddition of Migh License on the Pacific Constitution of the law in the Likebia in the Likebia in the Likebia in the Likebia in the Proposition of the law in the Likebia in the Isabia of the University in the Likebia in the Isabia of the Likebia in the Isabia in the Isabia of the Likebia in the Isabia of the Likebia in the Isabia in the Isabia of the Likebia of the Likebia in the Isabia of the Likebia of the Likebia of the Likebia of the Likebia in the Isabia of the Likebia of the Lik

INQUISITIVE SPARROWS. They May Have Been Hestile, but They Didn't

Dare Attack the Cockatoo. There was trouble and to spare one day last

week in a back yard on Brooklyn Heights. cause of it was an innocent cockatoo which had lown away from home and found its way to the top of a tree near State street, between Henry street and Garden place. Where the strange bird came from there is nobody to tell. It was first discovered by the large and noisy

colony of English sparrows which inhabit that vicinity. The first sparrow to see the foreigner ost no time in communicating the news of its discovery to its mates, and in three minutes no ess than fifty sparrows had assembled to examine the strange visitor and exchange views about him. They took places on all sides of the cockatoo and began a chattering which soon attracted attention from all the neighboring windows. They hopped about from branch to branch, but never approached nearer than a yard to the puzzled stranger. For a time the

up the biggest majorities for no license, but not content with that, she started in this year to beat all records, enacting first a law forbidding sprinkling the streets on Sundays. Somerville is an especially dusty town on account of its dryness, and as it is a great resort for bicyclists,

dryness, and as it is a great resort for bicyclists, this law against sprinkling streets was pretty good as a starter in the way of producing virtuous discomfort. But it was only the beginning. By the way, though, it has rained in Somerville every Sunday but one since the anti-sprinkling law went into effect. This may not point a moral, but it adorns the tale.

The next agitation by those who seek the moral welfare of the community regardless of cost was one in favor of Sunday closing of all drug stores, bake shops, &c. No more soda, tonic, Jamaica ginger, or ice cream should be sold Sunday, and people who had been in the habit of having their beans delivered piping hot from the bakery on Sunday morning must do their own baking or submit to a beanless Sunday. This reform movement also includes the forbidding of the sale of Jamaica ginger and similar intoxicants on week days. The foregoing might be endured, perhaps, by a long-suffering people, but whether the community will submit to the proposed law against firting is still a question. The Board of Aldermen considered the measure restricting the time-honored rights of young people at its last meeting, but not wishing to bear the responsibility alone, it has asked the Public Property Committee to assist in wrestling with the problem. This is presumably because love is public property, whether flirtations are or not.

The bill doesn't state just how a policeman is going to tell whether a couple are flirting for fun or are in dead earnest. But for that matter the bill doesn't state just how a policeman is going to tell whether a couple are flirting for fun or are in dead earnest. But for that matter the bill doesn't state just how a policeman is going to tell whether a couple are flirting for fun or are in dead earnest. But for that matter the bill doesn't state just how a policeman is going to tell whether a couple are flirting for fun or are in dead earnest. But for that matter the two varieties anyhow, and the bluecoat who starts in to arrest every one who come

OUEER CURRANT BUSHES.

Upside Down and She Bid So.

Over the river, in President street, Brooklyn, there lives a woman who possesses some of the nost remarkable current bushes to be found anywhere. When the bushes were propagated they neither came from remarkable stock no were they in any way poculiar when the nurser; nan sold them. Their novel features now are the result of a joke, perpetrated first upon a confiding woman and then in turn upon nature. Near where the woman lives is a butcher shop good meats, but also in the spring deals in plants and shrubs, and he sells Christmas trees at the holidays. The woman decided last spring that she would like to grow currents, and so she or-

holidays. The woman decided last spring that she would like to grow currants, and so she ordered ten bushes from the butcher. He delivered them, and as he was going away and the woman was going into the yard to plant them he called to her jovially:

"Be sure to plant them upside down."

"Why, of course," she answered, and then congratulating herself that she had got a piece of valuable information just in time to save herself from making a great mistake, she carefully planted the ten bushes roots upward.

Bis watered and shaded them, and in a few days was delighted to find buds sorouting and leaves bursting forth from the air-fed roots, and although four died, the others thrived.

"How are your plants getting on?" asked the butcher one day in the summer.

"Oh, splendidly!" the woman answered, "Come and see them."

The woman had never raised currant bushes before, and, therefore, nothing about these had seemed strange to her; but the moment the butcher saw them he remarked the peculiar way in which the branches drooped, and their strange forms.

"I planted them just as you told me to," said the woman, "and all but four of them lived."

That explained the curious appearance of the plants. The roots had become transformed in their functions and produced leaves instead of rootiets, but they had continued to grow in their natural gnarled shape and with a drop. The butcher has tried to buy the curious bushes and also to raise some like them, but neither the woman nor nature favors him this time, and he has not succeeded in either direction.

scraped the snakes away from one corner of the pen and, picking them up one by one, dropped them into the cleared space, counting as he did so. He plunged his bare hands fearlessly into the mass of crawling bodies, waving heads, and rattling talls, seizing hold of them anywhere, by neck, body, head, or tail, as was most con-venient. If any of them tried to crawl out of the corner where they were placed he struck them gently over the head with his open palm and made them stay where they were put. He handled them as if they were so many newly hatched chickens and paid not the least attention to their protests of open, hissing mouths and buzzing rattles. Some of the specta tors could not endure the sight, but hurried away in alarm. The next thing the boy did was to sit down on the floor he had cleared and lean his head and shoulders against the two-foot pile of hissing rattlers in the corner, somewhat as Kip-ling's Mowgli supported himself against the colls of the python when the two held a confidential branch, but never approached nearer than a yard to the puzzled stranger. For a time the cockates viewed the conclave about him with the screnity, but the strain became too much for him, and finally found expression in a series of the most penetrating screeches, accompanied by the olevation of his light green plume, which had previously been partly concealed in his flut, so the strain became to make an attack flight of the sparrows and increased the volume of their chattering in like proportion.

But the unwelcome foreigner soon found that the chattering was harmies, and that the same the chattering was harmies, and that the same through one side of the circle and out on the end of a branch, where he perched contented yas through one side of the circle and out on the end of a branch, where he perched contented yas had been aroused by the unusual activity of the feathered tribe, and there had been a gradual concentration of the feline forces near the base of the tree which formed the cockatoo's perch. This meant a cat fight as sure as preaching, and the chatter with the charmest and most conventation of the feline forces near the base of the tree which formed the cockatoo's perch. This meant a cat fight as sure as preaching, and the chatter with the charmest of the last the cockatoo at unruffled in his feathers in the tree top.

MAYBE THEY'LL STOP FLIRTING.

The Length to Which the References Proposes to Somerville, one of the pleasantest and most conventation of the pleasantest and most conventation of the gland process of the tree which formed the cockatoo sat unruffled in his feathers in the tree top.

MAYBE THEY'LL STOP FLIRTING.

The Length to Which the References Proposes to Somerville, one of the pleasantest and most conventation of the gland proposed, one to prevent fiftring on Sundays may be forbidden without causing any great comment, but the late the cockatoo startle proposed, one to prevent fiftring on Sundays, and the cockatoo startle proposed, one to prevent fiftring on Sundays, and sundays, and the talk. A half dozen snakes slid out from the wriggling mass and George picked them up, unbuttoned his shirt and thrust

fectionate."

Two big seven-foot rattlers had had a misunderstanding and were waving their heads back and
forth, darting out their tongues and buzzing
their tails at each other. George struck each
one gently with the palm of his hand, separated
them, and, after petting each a moment, put
them in different corners of the pen. Entirely
mollified, they ceased their signals of war and
began crawling in and out among the other snakes, as peaceful as lambs.

"Snakes often coil and try to strike me," the young man went on, "before I get acquainted with them. But I can get on good terms with any of them in an hour or two. How do I do it! Oh, just petting and coaxing and carcssing them, the same as you would win the confidence of a dog that was afraid of you. Of course, they are likely to use their weapons until they find out I am not going to hurt them, and until they get condidence in me I have to look out for myself. But there's nothing underhanded about a snake. If he's mad and means mischief he will coil and rattle like the devil, his mouth will be open and his eyes will snap. It always shows plainly in their eyes. Then I either snatch him by the neck or jump out of striking distance, which is only about four feet.

"I had always felt just as nearly every one does about anakes up to one day last winter, when I caught two rattlesnakes at a mining camp near Yuma. I caught them with a forked stick and put them into a wire cage, meaning to kill them the next day for their skins. Early the next morning I was awakened by one of the snakes crawling slowly across my neck. It's the solemn iruth. I hearly ided of fright.

stick and put them into a wire cage, meaning to kill them the next day for their skins. Early the next morning I was awakened by one of the snakes crawling slowly across my neck. It's the solemn truth, I think I nearly died of fright. I kent perfectly still and held my breath for what seemed like hours, though it was really only a few seconds, while that snake dragged its entire length across my neck. Then it crawled under my blanket, coiled up on my chest, and went to sleep. One of the burros had gnawed at the wire cage until the door came open, the snake had crawled out, and, crawling across me, had decided that under my blanket was a nice, warm place to go to sleep in, for a snake does like to be warm and comfortable as well as any cat you ever saw.

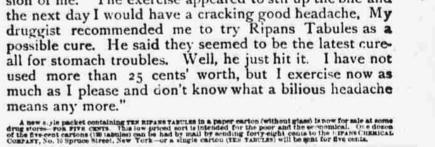
"As soon as I had time to think and get my breath again I grabbed the thing around the neck, jumped out of my blankets and ran out of the tent. Then I didn't know what to do, for I was afraid to let go for fear it would strike me. But I knew it couldn't hurt me as long as I had hold of its neck, even if its tall was switching and slashing around my legs and body. So I just kept hold and examined it good all over, and at last I began to try to make friends with it. By that time I had got over my scare and didn't feel afraid any more. I coaxed and petted it and gathered its body up into my lap and covered it up with a blanket, and at the end of two hours that snake and I were good friends. I've got it with me yet and it has never offered to bite me. "Well, that experience taught me that it is justas easy to make snakes your friends as to have them your enemies, and I've nover been afraid of them since. I stand here and haul them around all day and never think about their being dangerous unless I see some one in the room turn pale with fright. People tell me a hundred times a day that I'm bound to be fanged to death some day, but I don't believe my chances that way are nearly as great as are those of the ordinary man who travels around in any region where rattlers

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Brief Consideration of Matches from His Point of View.

There is this to be said in favor of the sulphur match," said the retired burglar, "that it is noiseless when struck; but its odor is decidedly against it. More than once, when I have struck sulphur match in the hall, I have heard some light alceper, when the pungent fumes of the sulphur permeated the atmosphere, turn in bed in the adjacent room. I stuck to sulphus suppose-but finally I came to use parlor matches suppose—but finally I came to use parlor matches altogether. They are noley, but odorless, and it may be possible to scratch them when teams are passing, or when the wind is blowing, or there is some other noise abroad. At any rate, I came to prefer, from experience, the noisy, odorless match to the silent aulphur.

"Of course the ideal match for anybody in my business would be one that should be both silent and odorless. It is a wender to me that nobody has invented such a match; it is greatly needed, and I should say that it would be comparatively easy of invention. Now that I have retired, maybe I will devote myself to the invention of such a match and to do something to promote the interests of an arduous and none too remunerative calling."



The boss of the repair department in a Massachuset s

watch factory says: "I used to be a good deal of an ath-

lete and was in the habit of taking lots of out of door

exercise, but since I've been shutoup in this shop I began

to have terrible bilious headaches. I still did enjoy an

occasional bout at boxing, but after a few lively rounds a

tendency to get as sick as can be seemed to take posses-

sion of me. The exercise appeared to stir up the bile and

NAMES AND FACES IN MEMORY. | CERAMIC WAR RELICS.

James G. Blatne, Simon Cameron, and the

In one of the big hotels at Old Point Comfort

there is employed a middle-aged colored man

who draws a good salary because of his remark-

able memory for faces. He attends to the hat

rack that stands in the hall at the entrance to

the big dining room. As the men pass in to breakfast or lunch or dinner they hand their

hats to George without any anxiety as to its

fate if they have been at the hotel for several days. If they happen to be newcomers they are ant to hesitate a moment before intrusting a bat

without any check to a man who may have a

hundred hats on the rack back of him. Their hesitation doesn't bother George. He knows

that they will get over it after they have gone through the operation several times and re-

Many of the hats are of the same make, and

to an untrained person it would seem almost im possible to fit the hat to the man correctly each time. George says that it is a matter of mere practice. He places the man who gives him s hat by some peculiarity in dress or features, and then he connects this peculiarity with the make, size, and color of the bat, and with the place in the rack where he puts it. When the man walks out of the dining room George meets him with winter resort hotels employ such men for this purpose, and, as a rule, they are colored men. "If I had the memory for faces that this colored man has," said a well-known politician sev eral years ago, "I should not have been defeated for Congress in this last election. A memory for faces and names is a most valuable gift to a man in public life, and it really is a gift with some

men. I have tried to acquire it and I can't. I

have offended more constituents whom I ought

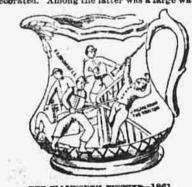
BOBIN'S NEST ON THE GROUND.

Bird Somewhat Disturbed.

ceived their own hat back each time.

COL. ELLSWORTH'S DEATH AS SHOWN ON A PITCHER. rious Specimen of the Patriotic Besigns

Brought Out in the Early Years of the War-The Services of China Made in England for the Confederate Cruiser Alabams. At the breaking out of the civil war in 1861 the pottery industry in this country was practically in its incipiency. Little work of an original character was being done, and that was confined almost entirely to the Trenton factories, The few designs of a patriotic nature which were then produced are now rarely met with; still examples occasionally come to light. Some of these relies bear no ornamenta-tion save a relief device of the American eagle; but a few of them were more claborately decorated. Among the latter was a large water



THE ELLSWORTH PITCHER-1961. pitcher of white ware made by a Trenton firm which has long been out of existence. This, at the time, pretentious design was made to commemorate the shooting of Col. E. E. Ellsworth at Alexandria, Va., in 1861, by the proprietor of a hotel, while he was tearing down a Confederate fing on the building. This, being one of the earliest incidents of the war, stirred the public pulse to fever heat, and furnished a here in the cause of both the North and the South.

have offended more constituents whom I ought to have known by being unable to recognize them than I have by any act in Congress."

No man in public life of his time was more famous for remembering names and faces than James G. Blaine, and he well knew the value of this faculty. Probably a good many of the stories that are told of Blaine's remarkable memory for names and faces are exaggerated, but all men who ever knew him can vouch for two or three stories, each from their own experiences. They can tell of men who met Mr. Blaine casually at receptions and then met him several years afterward, when Mr. Blaine not only remembered their names and faces, but reception the casually at receptions and then met him several years afterward, when Mr. Blaine not only remembered their names and faces, but reception to the staff of a New York newspaper was assigned to interview Mr. Blaine, who had oune to New York for a few days. Mr. Blaine was always an approachable man for reporters, and his knowledge of newspaper work and his wide acquaintance with newspaper men During the excitement occasioned by the tragedy this pitcher was produced. The design on one side is a relief representation of the shooting, showing the fallen Elisworth and his companions and "J. W. Jackson, the traitor." The principal actors in the drams are indicated Blaine was always an approachable man for reporters, and his knowledge of newspaper work and his wide acquaintance with newspaper work and his wide acquaintance with newspaper men helped him to estimate very justly the results that were likely to follow any interview that he might give. He looked over this young man (Mr. Blank, for short) as the new man that he was. With the newspaper men whom he knew Mr. Blaine frequently talked confidentially. He once said that his confidence on such occasions had never been violated. With new men he was exceedingly cautions. Mr. Blank was a young man of sense, and he frankly told Mr. Blaine that his experience was limited and then he asked him if he wouldn't say something about the weather or his vacation plans or any other subject that he thought could be handled by an inexperienced reporter without danger to himself. The young man's frankness interested Mr. Blaine, but he was a busy man, and the interview that he gave was short and unimportant. It was an event of no small consequence to the young reporter, however, and he remembered it with interest. Five years later Mr. Blaine was again in New York, and he received half a dozen newspaper men, among them being Mr. Blank, who had become one of the political reporters on his newspaper. They were introduced to Mr. Blaine, but he was the introduced mentioned Mr. Blank's name Mr. Blank he held out his hand and said: "How do you do. Mr. Blank' You are still in newspaper work. I see."

"Yes, but I wish that you would tell me how you hayen't seen me since."

"I have always made it a point to remember was the search and the section of the control of the point of the member of the since."

"I have always made it a point to remember was the search and the section." by names which are painted on the reverse side bears a design of the American eagle in the act of destroying the secession serpent, while the Confederate emblem is overthrown and the American flag floats from a stack of Union guns. Over all is painted the inscription, "Union and the Constitution." It is not known how many of these pitchers not known how many of these pitchers were produced, but it is probable that a large number were made. Attention was called to one of them in the columns of THE SUM about a year ago, an example in plain white, which had been found in Philadelphia. The reference has brought to light a second specimen, finished in colors, which is here shown, for which I am indebted to Col. William S. Sharp, editor of "Smith's History of New Jersey," and compiler of an exhaustive work on the early history of that State now in course of preparation. Doubtless there are many



REVERSE OF THE ELLSWORTH PITCHER,

you happen to remember my name! It is five years since I made an attempt to interview you, and you haven't seen me since.

"Thave always made it a point to remember names and faces, and, from long practice, I seidom forget," replied Mr. Blaine.

Simon Cameron owed no little share of his political power in Pennsylvania to his memory of persons and their family relations. Like Mr. Blaine, he always paid close attention to the name of a person introduced and he fixed the person's face and coupled it with the name.

Alexander the Great is said to have known the name of every man in his army. Napoleon did not know every man in his army, but he did know nearly every man who had distinguished himself by any act of bravery or had done something to displease him. A good memory for names and faces is not necessarily an attribute of a broadly educated mind. In the case of the colored man at Old Point Comfort it is a natural gift that has been developed by constant use, with men of broad intelligence, like Mr. Biaine, it was undoubtedly acquired, because he saw early in his political career the immense service it would be to him. other examples of this historical piece among the relies of war-time taverns and in private hands, and it would be interesting to locate some of them. Perhaps the same device was used on different forms and sizes of ware.

So far as I know there was but one patriotic commic design used in the South during the war, and that was made in England for the Confederate cruiser Alabams. A table service of china was ordered for the vessel from Edward F. Bodley & Co. of Burslem, who were engaged, in 1862, in the extensive manufacture of "iron-stone china" for steamship and hotel use, haven succeeded James Vernon, who started the works in 1857. Originally the manufactory had been used as the parish workhouse of the town, and had been intended to accommodate about three hundred immates, but subsequently it was converted into barracks. Then it was changed into a china factory, and it is probably used as one to this day. When the Alabama was flushed by an English furnishers, and Bodley & Co. were commissioned to prepare the china. The decorative design selected was a central wreath composed of the flowers and leaves of the conton and tobacco plants, inside of which was a circle formed of a cable, inclosing a device of two crossed cannon and an author above the initials "C. S. N." Boneath the whole was the motito of the ship, "Aide to let Dieu t'Aidera" (help yourself and God will help you. It is said that there were three separate sets of the china, printed respectively in gray, gre a, and blue—one for the officers, another for the men, and a third for extraordinary occasions. There are, perhaps, but few pieces of this service now in existence; but a flate and cup and saucers are known to be in the powession of a lady in Georgia, and a compote or cake stand is owned by a lady in Fiorida, Edwin Atless Barreir. Mr. Pickering's Notions of the Habits of the Silas W. Pickering of Newark was up at Feltville, N. J., on Monday, and while visiting the farm of Maxwell Drake he saw a robin fly up from the ground and alight upon the top rail of a fence. An instant later another robin joined it, and Mr. Pickering, feeling sure that the nest was near at hand, began a search for it in the nearby trees and bushes, just for the sake of seeing how near the robin's-egg blue in lewellry enamel was to the actual color of the eggs. The old robins cleverly led him away from the nest, and it was several minutes before he perceived that he was being deceived, and adopted a counter ruse. Walking away quietly he made a counter ruse. Walking away quietly he made a detour and came back to the same spot just in time to see the hen robin spring up from the ground under a skunk cabbage plant. Mr. Pickering could hardly believe his eyes when he saw under the unaavory plant a sure-enough robin's nest built flat upon the ground, lined up with mud in the usual manner and containing four beautiful turquoise-colored eggs.

There was no mistake about the owership of the eggs, for the old birds showed extreme solicitude about the intrusion and fluttered around Mr. Pickering's head. He did not inturb the nest, but remarked to Mr. Drake afterward that his notions of the had its of robins were much disturbed. Mr. Drake cold him that he had never heard of robins nesting on the ground before, but he believed that these were the same robins that nested upon a shelf in his milk house the year before. He had never and had to go with Mr. Pickering to see the nest before he could be convinced. the possession of a lady in the possession of a lady in Florid pote or cake stand is owned by a lady in Florid Pote or Cake Stand is owned by a lady in Florid Pote or Cake Stand is owned by a lady in Florid Pote or Cake Stand in Standard In Stand



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